GEORGE WASHINGTON ESQ.R

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# *MOUNT VERNON, A POEM:*

Being the ſeat of his excellency George Waſhington, in the

STATE OF VIRGINIA;

*Lieutenant-general and commander in chief of the land forces of the United States of America.*

☞ This rural, romantic and deſcriptive Poem of the ſeat of ſo great a character, it is hoped may pleaſe, with a copper-plate likeneſs of the General. It was taken from an actual view on the ſpot by the author, 15th May, 1799. Alſo a curſory view of Georgetown, city of Waſhington, and the capitol.

BY JOHN SEARSON, *formerly of Philadelphia, merchant.*

" Be my retreat
" Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore—
" A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary ſcene."

*Thomſon's Winter.*

PHILADELPHIA:

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*To his Excellency George Waſhington,*

Lieutenant-general and commander in chief of the land forces of the United States of America.

SIR,

WHEN I laſt returned to America from Ireland in 1796, I did myſelf the honor to wait on your Excellency, then Preſident of the United States; and living at Philadelphia, I for ſeveral years, being a merchant in that city, and marrying reputably there, hoped, from your Excellency's amiable character, for the beneficence of your humane notice, to an honeſt man, ſubjected to unforeſeen loſſes in trade and merchandize, a repetition of which would anſwer no end. Having a pretty good education, in my youth, from an uncle, a clergyman of the church of England, I publiſhed two poems in Ireland, was well received, and two publications ſince my laſt arrival in America, having diſpoſed

of the laſt copy of 1000, Art of Contentment ; and did myſelf the honor to viſit your Excellency 15th May laſt, ſo as to obtain an adequate idea of Mount-Vernon ; wiſhing to compoſe a poem on that beautiful ſeat ; which I now moſt humbly dedicate to your Excellency, with your likeneſs. May a happy and ſure felicity ever crown your Excellency here and hereafter, is the fervent prayer of, may it pleaſe your Excellency,

Your ever-devoted,

And obedient

Humble ſervant,

*JOHN SEARSON.*

## *Preface to the readers of Mount-Vernon, a poem.*

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AS many may ſee and read this poem, who have not ſeen *Art of Contentment*, which was lately publiſhed, I beg leave to obſerve, I did myſelf the pleaſure to viſit Mount-Vernon, the ſeat of his excellency lieutenant-general George Waſhington, 15th May ult. ſo as to enable me to make an exact poetical deſcription of it. I am, indeed, fond of rural, deſcriptive poetry, and have endeavoured to make this as pleaſing and exact as poſſible, hoping for a kind reception, and took a hint from pſalm cxlv. 10. where David ſays, "All thy works praiſe thee, O! Lord;" therefore, through all the poem, have endeavoured to make the flowers, birds, retirement and groves, praiſe their glorious Creator. I publiſhed a rural, romantic and deſcriptive poem on Down-Hill, the ſeat of the earl of Briſtol, biſhop of Londonderry, in Ireland; for which the gentlemen of that country actually gave

me a guinea per copy, and Sir George Hill, from Dublin, gave me five guineas in the city of Londonderry—more, I am aſſured, as feeling from my having ſeen better days than from the intrinſic value of it. I have alſo to return my moſt ſincere gratitude to many of my American friends for their kind ſubſcriptions and encouragement, and would willingly flatter myſelf this performance will be pleaſing to its readers; and, I alſo flatter myſelf, the pieces on aſtronomy, will be very acceptable to ſome of the gentlemen-readers—thoſe ſtudies have coſt me much trouble and thought.

I am, moſt gratefully and ſincerely,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Your devoted and obedient

Humble ſervant,

*JOHN SEARSON.*

# MOUNT VERNON;

## A Poem, rural, romantic and deſcriptive.

TO pleaſe the fancy, and divert the mind,
Moſt beauteous ſcenes will all our thoughts refine
Thro' rural and romantic ſhades and bow'rs,
I'd wiſh to paſs away ſome pleaſant hours.
'Tis through romantic ſcenes we here may go,
Not ſcar'd with fear nor frighten'd with a foe:
Mount Vernon! I have often heard of thee,
And often wiſh'd thy beauties for to ſee.
Pleas'd to the laſt, I view this pleaſant ſeat,
And found its views ſo elegant and neat:
The proſpect from it muſt e'er pleaſe the mind,
When elegant Potowmack here we find.
From right to left, from left to right we ſee,
Th' beauteous Potowmack, that arm of the ſea.
See ſhips and veſſels paſſing by the door,
Almoſt ev'ry day and every hour.
Indeed, the proſpect is ſo very fine,
Such rural ſcenes muſt e'er the thoughts refine.

The houſe itſelf is elegant and neat,
And is two ſtories high, neat and complete.
The rooms adorned with pictures very fine,
That ev'n a prince might there with pleaſure dine:
The ſocial hour in mirth to paſs away,
Since all our time is but a Winter's day.
I thought the favour much ev'n here to dine;
Yet was invited by a lib'ral mind.
O, Sociability and Friendſhip dear,
How doſt thou drive away all anxious care?!!
But, after dinner, when I peep'd on high,
I view'd the cupola of Mount-Vernon nigh!
And, viewing, ſaw the north, ſouth, weſt and eaſt,
The ſituation where this houſe is plac'd.
Look round this beauteous ſpot, rejoice, and ſee
The bleſſed ſtate of human harmony.
From houſe to houſe, ſoon took my departure,
And to the gardens look'd for ſweet Nature!
Roſes and flow'rs, with aromatic ſcent,
Was rural fine, and for amuſement ſent.
The gardens beautiful this time of year,
Requites the huſbandman for all his care.

But, ſee with wonder, ſaid my roving mind,
A hot-houſe here a ſtranger ſoon will find:
Hundreds of flow'rs and herbs you here may ſee,
That in a common garden cannot be.
The walks well-gravell'd, ſmooth'd and very neat,
And ev'ry ſcene this ſeaſon quite complete.
A garden uſeful will be e'er admired,
And what's more pleaſant than a walk retir'd?
O, Nature! all ſufficient over all!
How great thy works are on this earthly ball!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy ways,
So ſhall I ever ſing thy glorious praiſe:
Snatch me to Heav'n! thy marvellous wonders there,
In long eternity I will declare.
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
My imperfections in this life lament;
Show me the greatneſs of thy heavenly laws,
That wiſe and juſt men now ſo much applauſe.
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt,
I, therefore, in God's praiſe will ever boaſt.
O, whiſper to my dreams ſome heav'nly thing;
For, in this lower world I will begin:

Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my ſong,
Becauſe eternal praiſe to thee belong.
Having in deep ſoliloquy retir'd,
And Mount-Vernon's gardens ſo much admir'd,
I turn'd my thoughts to rural ſcenes about,
For beauteous landſcapes, pleaſing was no doubt;
Trees blooming, all this rural ſcene appear:
But, hark, what voice I now ſo plainly hear?
'Tis the whipperwill! I now hear her ſong!
She pleaſes moſtly as ſhe goes along.
You'll hear poor whipperwill till near the fall,
Then look for winter on this earthly ball.
The changes of the year juſtly admir'd,
So are we look'd on, public or retir'd.
Some chooſe a public buſineſs to admire,
Others on private life chooſe to retire:
So paſs away our little time whilſt here!
Sometimes in love, ſometimes in horrid fear,
But whether in the grove or city dwell,
'Tis ſometimes hard our happineſs to tell.
Mount-Vernon muſt by all e'er be admir'd
For greatneſs, beauty and proſpect retir'd.

I travell'd many miles this ſcene to ſee,
And don't repent my curioſity.
But, I admire great WASHINGTON,
Than houſes or building already done;
For, this great Man hath many wonders wrought,
And many battles for his country fought:
With wiſdom great conducted all our war,
Tho' dreadful force came on us from afar.
Wiſdom and Providence muſt direct the ſword,
Then Victory follows of its own accord.
But, above all, Heav'n guides our ſtate below,
Whether by ſecret friends, or open foe.
WASHINGTON, great! for ages yet to come,
Will be repeated! What great acts he's done!
Tho' ſometimes worſted, and near to deſpair,
God's Providence reviv'd him by its care!
Sav'd him from foes that ſought his blood to ſpill:
God yet ſupports and keeps him happy ſtill.
Whate'er we do, where'er we are employ'd,
We ſhall do well if God is on our ſide.
Indeed, I yet do dread and fear a war,
By wicked men that may come from afar.

Should it be ſo, the aged Gen'ral, yet,
Will act what's prudent, and, in ſuch caſe, fit :
So that, his aged days with honor crown'd,
In hiſt'ry's page will ever be renown'd.

Fame, after Death, by many are deſir'd ;
A good name's dear, and e'er will be admir'd.
'Tis true, alas ! all earthly things are vain :
They ſometimes give us anguiſh and much pain ;
But thoſe that's bound for Heav'n, have bliſs in view,
And all their days this happineſs purſue.
By night, by day, it is their conſtant tho't,
The happineſs that God for them hath bought,
May e'en in a garden-walk be ſought.
The primroſe and the daſies cheer the mind,
And in the flower-garden are ſo fine.
But, Oh ! the Winter's blaſts I dread to come,
Becauſe this ſeaſon brings them to their tomb.
So, in Kings and Monarchs of this earth,
Like flow'rs, muſt taſte this awful change of Death !
A thought now ſtrikes my mind, of Mount-Vernon,
That happineſs may ever ſhine thereon ;
For, Nature form'd it pleaſing to the mind ;

Therefore, true earthly bliſs we here might find :
Or, in a cottage, if our God be there,
For he is Omnipreſent, every-where.
A garden was the firſt habitation
Of our parents, and near relat'on ;
Therefore, I think the pleaſure that we take
Moſt innocent in gardens which we make.
'Tis natural to fill the mind with peace,
And ev'ry ruder paſſion here ſhould ceaſe.
Nature is God : we ſee him here in view,
And ev'ry herb and flow'r him to us ſhew.
But, ſhould I range from herb to herb and flow'r,
'Twould be voluminous, and paſs my pow'r ;
But, from Mount-Vernon's gardens I will go,
Other proſpects to view ; and want to know,
Tho' in this lovely ſeat the Muſes dwell,
If they ſtay with me I ſhall e'er do well,
Ev'n in old age to view the works of God,
To praiſe his goodneſs, and revere his rod :
That rod that hangeth o'er a guilty world,
Will ſtrike us all : to duſt we will be hurl'd.
The conflagration draweth very nigh ;

In time, we ſhould, then, for God's mercy cry,
Before the trumpet gives its awful ſound,
To call the dead and living that are found:
So ſhall the virtuous live, forever more,
With God, beyond the ſkies him to adore.
Rivers of joy, no doubt, there is in Heav'n,
And to God's people, ſurely, they'll be given.
But, I'm on earth, ev'n at Mount-Vernon,
Muſing on time's that's paſt, and what's to come:
I ſhall do well, paſſing this ſcene along,
To think of thoſe that dwell at Mount-Vernon;
For, Lady Waſhington's polite and great,
And all around moſt elegant and neat.
I had the pleaſure with her to converſe;
As many of her ſex she does ſurpaſs:
Polite and ſenſible, she talk'd with me!
With a ſuperior I can't make free.
What ſtruck my mind, and ev'n reflection more,
No pledge of their love ſurround the door!
Children, thoſe bleſſings of our lives and days,
Some-times the rich have none to ſing God's praiſe.
Yet, if all-bounteous Heav'n, none to us ſend,

We'll ſtill praiſe God, that other bleſſings lend.
We know not what is beſt for us below;
But, God's all-wiſe, and, beſt of all, muſt know.
The Gen'ral ſeems, in all his ways, ſo bleſs'd,
And by all nations, now, ſo much careſs'd,
That, what he does, ſtrikes ev'ry knowing mind,
Becauſe, he acts by principle divine.
Great Waſhington, almoſt by all ador'd,
Retir'd, compos'd in peace, great with the ſword;
So, will his name, to future age, extend,
His former conduct to the brave commend;
And, laſt of all! when time ſhall be no more,
We hope to find him on the heav'nly ſhore.
To rural ſhades I will deſcend awile,
Becauſe, all Nature, in this ſeaſon, ſmile.
The groves, all blooming, in the Spring, ſo fine,
Muſt cheer the heart, and animate the mind.
Behold yon beauteous trees, how fine they bloom,
And ev'n ſhed abroad a ſweet perfume.
Behold the birds! they hop from ſpray to ſpray,
And praiſe the God of ſeaſons all the day.
Who taught yon pretty birds to ſing ſo fine?
Sure, 'twas the God of Nature, all Divine!
But, what ſtrikes me, and makes me think, betimes,
That different birds are found in different climes!
This ſhews the goodneſs of the God of Heav'n,
That ſuch variety are to man giv'n.

Were I to ſpeak of ev'ry bird we ſee,
It would a volume, large, make unto me.
But ſince I laſt return'd theſe ſtates to view,
Mock' birds and red birds, with ſome others too.
In many cages I have ſeen them fed
With food ſuits them as well as any bread.
Yet to them confinement muſt be ſevere ;
But yet they ſing melodious all the year.
The God of ſeaſons tun'd their notes to ſing,
That harmony ſo fine to man might bring.
Muſic ſo pleaſing, without the aid of art,
To ev'ry bird of air this gift impart.
The robin red-breaſt, oft to us appear,
But winter's cold, draws him to us more near.
In Europe none of them they wish to kill,
Becauſe th' babes of the wood they cover'd ſtill !
The ſtory is affecting to all there ;
Therefore they chooſe poor robin now to ſpare.
So fortunate 'tis to get a good name,
It often ſaves the yet unborn from ſhame.
The eagle ſoars on high beyond man's ſight,
And in the higher air takes his delight :
He ſcarce looks down to view this earth below,
But, to high regions he delights to go :
So, many of our Kings that reigneth here,
Will not the complaint of their ſubjects bear !

But Kings, like Eagles, mounting ſtill on high,
They ſeldom hear the poor their moan or cry ;
Till deſperate grows the ſubjects at the laſt, * * * * *
'Tis then they wish for Freedom very faſt.
But politics is not my ſphere of life,
Nor do I like to deal in any ſtrife ;
But, like the birds that hover in the air,
Would wish to follow Nature ev'ry-where :
For, I'm aſſur'd all Nature is from God :
He cheers the mind and ſaves us from his rod.

In great politeneſs from dear Mount-Vernon,
I rode to Hollin-Hall to look upon.
Thomſon Maſon, Eſquire, lives at this ſeat,
Where rural ſcenes are fine and very neat.
This gentleman hath ſeveral children dear,
Educating them, too, with ev'ry care.
From this ſeat I paſs'd to Alexandria,
And am pleas'd thro' rural groves to wander.
So, ſays my wand'ring mind, I have no home!
A ſtranger now on earth where'er I come.
So paſs our time in rural walks below,
'Till we to our great Shepherd ſoon muſt go.
I ſtill admir'd the rural ſcenes of life,
Becauſe, we can enjoy it without ſtrife.
Virginia, I muſt e'er ſpeak well of thee,
For hoſpitality, here, one may ſee.

But, ſurely, I forgot at Mount-Vernon,
The heavens above to caſt a look upon:
This pleaſing ſeat hath its proſpect ſo high,
That one would think 'twas for aſtronomy:
'Twould anſwer for an obſervatory.
To view the worlds above, as they roll on,
Come forth, O, Man, and view the heav'nly plan.
The beſt of glaſſes for us men to look,
And ſearch to know the wonders of God's book.
Mount-Vernon make an obſervatory,
So all the planets from this place you'll ſee.
The heav'nly bodies that this earth ſurround,
Is wond'rous in their motions to be found.
Tho' Franklin is no more in his great thought,
Who can't again to this our earth be brought;
And Rittenhouſe, of our aſtronomy,
Inform'd us of the wonders he did ſee.
Indeed, whatever we may think or ſay,
The Heav'ns above rule us both night and day:
We look to Heav'n—it looks to us again,
To give us pleaſure, or to eaſe our pain.
I do not think fatality's in ſtars;
Becauſe, the God above rules all affairs;
But yet, the God of Nature hath ſuch laws
In his own worlds, which we ſo much applauſe.
O, view yon planetary worlds, ſo great,

Which, to aſtronomers, need not repeat ;
And what great ſpheres are running all around
Theſe wond'rous worlds, that do our earth ſurround.
Methinks aſtronomy a ſcience great !
Heav'ns amazing wonders view and relate :
I've ſometimes view'd the ſtarry heav'ns on high,
Amazement ſtruck my thoughts as well as eye !
For, he that made thoſe glorious worlds ſo bright,
Will, in this lower world, do all that's right.
Juſt are the ways of Heav'n in all things here,
Whether far off, or, at the door, that's near ;
And Providence, divine, ſeeks all our good :
He clothes the naked—gives the hungry food.
When looking at the Heav'ns, and ſtarry frame,
Some ſuited words, in prayer, I wish'd to name :
Oh ! ſaid my thoughts, how glorious is my God,
I pray for mercy ! ſave me from thy rod.
O, God ! who made theſe glorious worlds of light,
Save me from pride, and teach me what is right.
Holy, holy ! is the Great God of Love !
May we revere thee, Lord ! that reigns above.
If of pond'rous globes ſuch care is taken,
God's children here will not be forſaken.
O, ſtrike my heart, thou ſpirit from on high,
Aid and aſſiſt my humble, ſincere cry.
Grant me, Jehovah, on thy aid to truſt,

Before I'm called from this life to duſt.
Whate'er's thy will, whate'er I ſuffer here,
Thy name I'll ever praiſe, ſing and revere ;
And when this earthly life is paſs'd away,
I hope to ſee thee in the heav'nly day.
O, lead me through this pilgrimage below,
That, to thy bliſs, hereafter, I may go.
Then ſhall I mount to Heav'nly orbs on high,
Where ſaints and angels, holy ! holy ! cry.
We're never tired with the ſons of Heav'n,
Becauſe felicity to mankind is giv'n.
But whilſt we buſtle in this world below,
The buſineſs of this life we ſtrive to know.
The fishing, very great at Mount-Vernon,
When there, with other ſcenes, I look'd upon.
Ev'n th' Potowmack, where thouſand fishes glide,
Both when 'tis ſlack and when 'tis full tide.
Many hundred thouſands caught near this place,
And barrell'd up for want in ſuch a caſe.
Wond'rous God ! how doſt thou provide for man,
As well by ſea as on the ſolid land.
I've ſeen at ſea thouſand of fishes ſwim,
And oft ſurround the ship I've ſailed in.
What pleaſure have the ſeamen with fresh fish,
Pleaſing to catch, but better in the dish !!
The dolphin appears in many colours :

In the water and the deck diſcovers
How wond'rous are the works of God by ſea!
Thouſands of different fiſh ſurround our way:
Volumes of writing can't their numbers tell;
Yet, on thy glorious works I e'er will dwell.
I'm loſt in amaze and contemplation,
At the wond'rous works of God's creation.
If God's ſo great in all his works below,
How bleſſed is the man his God to know.
Great and marvellous are thy works! ſaid St. John,
And ev'ry virtuous mind will look thereon.
I think the year that's next, will bring about
Something that will ſurprize our world—no doubt!
The world is all in war around us now———
But, to the God of Heav'n we'll only bow:
Him we'll adore, ſhould Heav'n and Earth be burn'd,
And, from this globe of earth, all nations hurl'd.
The conflagration is ſo great a theme,
It ſhocks the mind whenever it you name.
When all our world's on fire, where ſhall we go?!!!
To higher worlds, or to the ſhades below?!
But thoſe who have the God of Heav'n their friend,
May view the world on fire, and God attend:——
May view an angel bright deſcend from Heav'n,
To whom ſuch power then will be given:
One foot on earth, another on the ſea,
And ſweareth, by the God of Heav'n, this day,

This is our laſt! for time ſhall be no more!
We leave this earthly houſe, God to adore
Theſe thoughts are juſt, if ſcripture themes are ſo:
'Tis good, then, for us all theſe truths to know.
To me be Nature's volumes broad diſplay'd,
And, to peruſe it, ev'ry thought engag'd;
Or haply catching inſpiration thence,
May touch at ſomething filled with good ſenſe.
Penſive I ſtray, or, with the riſing morn,
On Fancy's wings my humble mind adorn:
O, could I find but on this earth below
Something would lead me heav'nly thoughts to know.
Oft I lift mine eyes to yon orbs on high,
And then bring to this lower world mine eye.
Each herb and flower, low dales and hidden bow'rs,
With fiſhes in the ſeas, ſhews his great pow'rs.
The landſcape is ſo pleaſing, and the lawn,
Beaut'ous at morn, at noon day, and the dawn.
Rural ſhades, and groves, e'er attract the mind,
And lead the thoughts, to thoſe things that's divine.
The man how happy, ſtudies Nature's laws,
Through known effects, can trace the ſecret cauſe,
Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things.
And happy, too, is he, who decks the bow'rs,
Of ſylvans, and adores the rural powers;
Whoſe mind unmov'd, the bribes of courts can ſee,
Their glitt'ring baits, and purple ſlavery.

When neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content;
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, battles fought, and diſtant war.
O! ſweetneſs of content, ſeraphic joy!
Which, wanting nothing, nothing can deſtroy.
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where? but in ſhades remote from human kind.
In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But ſeldom viſit courts or palace gate;
For, the man recluſe, and happy in th' ſhade,
Is, by retired life, moſt happy made.
He hears at diſtance ſafe, the tempeſt roar;
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace, as on the ſhore.
The fall of kings, the cruſh of many ſtates,
Move not the man whom e'en to heav'n relates.
In ſtill retreats, and flow'ry ſolitudes,
Where nature's voice regales, but none deludes;
And day to day, thro' the revolving year,
Admires, in different ways, with love, not fear;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Therefore, from nature, let us never part.
Thus may you ſee great Waſhington retir'd,
Tho' once in battle's field ſo much admir'd.
The din of war, the noiſe of battles fought,
See now, for peace, retirement is ſought——

Sought at the ſeat of pleaſing Mount-Vernon,
Where ev'ry rural ſcene is found thereon.

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[*As, in the courſe of the preceding part of this poem, I have, ſeveral times, mentioned taking a view of the planetary world, as from Mount-Vernon gardens, &c. I flatter myſelf, the following philoſophical, and aſtronomical deſcription of the planets, will meet the approbation of my readers; namely, whether the planets, and other luminaries of heaven, be inhabited worlds?—I anſwer,*

*The moon is, by far, the neareſt to us of any of the planets, and it is by obſervations upon her different phaſes and appearances, that we are to form our conjectures; for, a probable conjecture, is the higheſt degree of certainty we can expect to arrive at, upon theſe ſubjects: That the ſurface of the moon is not ſmooth, or even; but interſperſed with vales, mountains, cavities, ſeas, &c. is obvious to any one, who looks at it through a teleſcope. It is demonſtrable, that there are a variety of hills and mountains by the irregular curve which bounds the enlightened part of the moon, and by ſmall luminous ſpots, which appear ſtanding out at various diſtances from that curve, and which can be no other than the tops of mountains.*

*Sir Iſaac Newton mentions an atmoſphere round the moon; other authors think there is no argument againſt the moon's being an habitable world, as it was, doubtleſs, as eaſy exertion of Omnipotence to create beings capable of ſubſiſting without air, as to repleniſh the water with inhabitants.—And, that we cannot live in that denſer medium, nobody ever thought of bringing as an argument to prove that the fiſh cannot; but, this is not the caſe with reſpect to the other planets—from ſeveral changeable ſpots upon their ſurface, it is, with reaſon, ſuppoſed that they are ſurrounded with an atmoſphere. De la Hire diſcovered mountains in Venus; another aſtronomer diſcovered ſeveral ſpots upon the ſurface of moſt of the planets, which kept a regular, uniform motion, from one ſide to the other—a plain proof*

*that they have a motion round their axis: That they are opake, ſhining with the ſun's borrowed light, is proved from this; only that part of the inferior planets that are turned towards the ſun, is found to ſhine, conſequently they appear with different phaſes, like the moon. It is evident, Jupiter is an opake body, from the ſhadow of his ſatellites appearing on the body of the planet, when they get between that and the ſun; and, ſince Saturn ſhines with ſo faint a light, far fainter than the fix'd ſtars, or than the other planets, it being placed farther from the ſun than any, it might rationally be concluded, that Saturn is an opake body, and borrows all its luſtre from the ſun.*

*And now, ſince it has been proved, by the beſt and moſt learned aſtronomers, that the planets are opake bodies—that they are encompaſſed by changeable atmoſpheres—bleſſed with the revolution of day and night, ſummer and winter, furniſhed with mountains, valleys, ſeas, &c. what ſhould hinder the ſuppoſition, that the planets are habitable worlds? Does it not enlarge our ideas of the power, wiſdom, and greatneſs of the Omnipotent Creator, to behold millions of worlds (for the fix'd ſtars are, with juſtice, ſuppoſed to be ſuns, the centres to other ſyſtems) al rejoicing in the unbounded goodneſs of one all-powerful, all-wiſe, and all-gracious Being? "When I conſider the "Heavens which thou haſt created, the moon and ſtars, "which thou haſt ordained;—Lord, what is man, that "thou art mindful of him, or the ſon of man, that thou "viſiteſt him?" Yet, let not any humble ſoul, ſtruck with the immenſity of the Creator's works, give room to the idea of being overlooked or neglected: Let him remember that not a ſparrow falls to the ground, without the permiſſion of our heavenly Father; and, that though his works are too vaſt for our finite capacities to comprehend, his omnipotent goodneſs pervades the whole.*

Amaz'd with wonder at the worlds above,
Whoſe great Creator I will ever love:
Omnipotent! I e'er will bow to thee,
For I'm amaz'd whene'er thy works I ſee.

Tho' thou'rt ſo great, thou doſt for us relent,
And e'en regard the weakeſt penitent!
Yea, nothing ſo minute but thou doſt ſee!
Therefore, O! gracious God! conſider me.

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THOUGHTS IN

## *MOUNT-VERNON GARDEN.*

Delightful manſion, bleſt retreat,
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet;
Here contemplation prunes her wings;
The raptur'd muſe more tuneful ſings,
While many leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears:
Purſu'd by fancy, how ſhe roves!
Thro' airy walks and muſeful groves;
Springs in each plant, and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear or ſee;
In this elyſium, while I ſtray
And Nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new born, and life more bright:
Time ſteals away and ſmooths his flight,
And thoughts bewilder'd in delight.

As ſeveral ſketches, in the preceding poem, have been made of the planetary world, I flatter myſelf, ſome curious obſervations on that obſcure part of our aſtronomy, to wit, the cometary ſyſtem, may be pleaſing, and amuſe ſome of the readers of the poem on Mount-Vernon; eſpecially when it hath been publiſhed in London, Dublin, Philadelphia, and New-York, yet no ſolution or light hath been given of it, ſo as to enable the author to find the error of calculation, in the non-return of the comet that appeared in 1661, and was again to appear in 1789; but by an erroneous calculation or miſtake, did not appear.

" Come forth, O man! yon azure round ſurvey,
" And view thoſe lamps, that yield eternal day.
" Bring forth thy glaſſes, clear thy wond'ring eyes,
" Millions beyond the former millions riſe:
" See millions more, blaze from remoter ſkies."

*See an ingenious poem, called the Universe.*

## ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS,

### Suited to the Times.

WHEN we caſt our eyes from this terraqueous globe, to the heavens that ſurround us, we are (if not inſenſible beholders) ſtruck with amazement at the wonderful works of the omnipotent Creator of ſo many ſtupendous worlds which ſurround us. But, of all the works of the Almighty-Creator, there are none more occult, or leſs known, than what are called comets, according to my little knowlege in mathematical ſtudies. I have, again and again, ſearched to find out their courſe and motions, or, in other words, perihelion and aphelion. That amazing comet which appeared in

the year 1680, Sir Iſaac Newton computed the heat of it, when neareſt the ſun, to be 2000 times hotter than red hot iron ; and that being heated, it muſt retain its heat till it comes round again, altho' its period ſhould be more than 2000 years ; and it is computed to be only 575 ; conſequently, ſhould appear again in the year 2255, ſhould the world continue ſo long. It is remarkable, that in leſs than a year before the appearance of this great comet, there was ſo great a darkneſs in London, that no one could read at noon day. Had our globe been in the path of its courſe in the year of its appearance, it would have burnt it up inſtantaneouſly. But, this cannot happen, till the everlaſting God gives permiſſion. The comet that appeared in 1661, was, by calculation (had it been right) to appear again in 1789. Its period is laid down in that valuable book, the Preceptor, to 129 years. But, experience has convinced us the calculation was erroneous ; becauſe, time, the great developer of future events, has evidenced it. But, as latter times have been as wiſe (and even more ſo) in arts and ſciences, than the former, I would wiſh to know, from the firſt aſtronomers, the error of calculation, if any ſuch there be in America, ſince the deceaſe of Dr. Franklin and Dr. Rittenhouſe. When in London, about four years ago, I viſited the Royal Obſervatory at Greenwich ; and wiſhed to know from Dr. Maſkeline, the king's aſtronomer there, where this error laid, as it was of conſequence in aſtronomy ? but, did not receive the wiſhed-for ſolution. I made the ſame enquiry at the Obſervatory, and published a piece in one of the moſt reputable papers of Dublin ; but, without receiving any ſolution ; and, when I arrived in Philadelphia in 1796, I published a query concerning this comet ; but ſtill found no aſſiſtance by a ſolution or diſcovery of this error. Indeed, this part of our aſtronomy is the moſt difficult and obſcure of that ſublime ſcience ; and, indeed, to my apprehenſion, the times are alarming ; and tho' I do not, like the Egyptians, prognoſticate from the appearance of the heavens ; yet, doubtleſs, the fate of

nations are often to be read there. The wonderful ſigns in the heavens about and over Jeruſalem (to be read in Joſephus's Hiſtory of the Jews) before its deſtruction, with many other proofs, are ſufficient demonſtrations of this truth. It is probable that in the year 1800 both a comet and other phenomenon may appear—I ſay it is probable, and this being ſo near, many now alive may ſee it. May the omnipotent God prepare this world for it, by granting ſincere repentance and reſignation to the divine will; or, in other words, learn what is called contentment; for who can ſtand before him when he (Jehovah) is angry? Leſt my ideas ſhould appear chimerical, I beg leave to mention they are chiefly founded on the opinion of that great aſtronomer, Whiſton, in his theory of the earth, a book ſo ſcarce, I could only find one copy in the city of Philadelphia, embelliſhed with the portrait of doctor Franklin. It is that great author's opinion, our globe will be deſtroyed by a comet, probably meeting our earth, in its courſe round the ſun. I am ſorry to ſay, I have not, as yet, ſucceeded in any place of education, though formerly reputably employed in the firſt tuitions, counting-houſes, and a merchant in Philadelphia.

Aſtronomy, comets, and the world on fire,
Raiſes my heart from what earth might require:
More friends may riſe to help an honeſt man,
Becauſe, whilſt here, he does what good he can.

SEARSON.

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*Poetic addreſs to the Deity.*

LORD! how illuſtrious is thy name!
Whoſe power both heav'n and earth proclaim.

When I the heavens, thy fabrick ſee,
The moon and ſtars diſpos'd by thee;
O! what is man, with his frail race,
That thou ſhouldſt ſuch a ſhadow grace?
Next to thy angels moſt renown'd,
With majeſty and glory crown'd!
All that on dales and mountains feed;
All that the wood or deſert breed:
Whate'er through the airy region flies,
Or ſwims in deep and ſtormy ſeas,
Thou all beneath his feet hath laid,
King of thy whole creation made.
Lord! how illuſtrious is thy name!
Whoſe power both heav'n and earth proclaim:
Praiſe God, therefore, for evermore,
Whom ſaints and angels e'er adore.

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*SPRING HYMN, in praiſe of the Creator.*

ARISE, my Muſe, awake thy ſleeping lyre,
And fan, with tuneful airs, thy languid fire.
On daring pinions rais'd, low themes deſpiſe;
But ſtretch thy wings in yon bright azure ſkies.
Let not this cheerful prime, theſe genial days
In ſilence paſs, ſo friendly to thy lays.

Hark! how the birds, on ev'ry blooming ſpray,
With ſprightly notes accuſe thy dull delay:
See how the ſpring, adorn'd with gaudy pride
And youthful beauty, ſmiles on ev'ry ſide!
Here painted flow'rs in gay confuſion grow;
There cryſtal ſtreams in wild meanders flow;
The ſprouting trees, their leafy honors wear,
And zephyrs whiſper thro' the balmy air.
All things to verſe invite; but, O! my Muſe,
What lofty theme, what ſubject wilt thou chooſe?
The praiſe of wine let vulgar bards indite,
And love's ſoft charms in wanton ſtrains recite:
With nobler thoughts do thou my ſoul inſpire,
And with diviner warmth my boſom fire!
The beſt and greateſt! let my grateful lays,
Parent of univerſal nature, praiſe.
All things are full of thee! where'er mine eye
Is turned, I ſtill my preſent God eſpy.
Each herb the footſteps of thy wiſdom bears,
And every blade of graſs, thy pow'r declares!
As yon' clear lake the pendent image ſhews
Of ev'ry flow'r that on its border grows;
So in the fair creation's glaſs, we find
A faint reflection of th' eternal mind.
Whate'er of goodneſs and of excellence
In nature's various ſcene accoſt the ſenſe,

To thee alone their whole perfection owe;
From thee, as from their proper fountain, flow.
Fair are the ſtars that grace the ſable night,
And beauteous is the dawn of roſy light;
Lovely the proſpect, that each flow'ry field,
The limpid ſtreams, and shady foreſts yield:
Incapable of bounds, above all height,
Thou art inviſible to mortal ſight.
Thyſelf thy palace! and, ſuſtained by thee,
All live and move in thy immenſity!
Thy voice omnipotent, did infant day,
Thro' the dark realms of empty ſpace, diſplay;
This glorious arch of heav'nly ſapphire rear,
And this canopy of liquid air.
At thy command, the ſtarry hoſt, and ſun,
And moon, unerringly, their courſes run;
Ceaſeleſs they move, obſequious to fulfil
The taſk aſſign'd by thy Almighty will.
The vital pow'r, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Inſpires and animates this ample whole:
If thou wert abſent, the material maſs
Would, without motion, lie in boundleſs ſpace.
The ſun, arreſted in his ſpiral way,
No longer would diſpenſe alternate day;
A breathleſs calm would huſh the ſtormy wind,
And a new froſt the flowing rivers bind.

Whate'er, through falſe philoſophy, is thought
To be by chance, or parent nature, wrought,
From thee alone proceeds, with timely rain
Thou giv'ſt the thirſty field and ſpringing grain.
Inſpir'd by thee, the ſofter ſouthern breeze,
Wafts fragrant odours thro' the trembling trees.
By thee conducted thro' the darkſome caves,
And veins of hollow earth, the briny waves,
In bubbling ſprings and fruitful fountains, riſe;
And ſpout their ſweeten'd ſtreams againſt the ſkies.
By thee the brutal kind are taught to chuſe
Their proper food, and noxious things refuſe:
Hence each conforms his actions to his place;
Knows to preſerve his life, and propagate his race.
Hence the wiſe conduct of the painful bee,
Who future want does conſtantly foreſee;
Contrive her waxen cells with curious ſkill,
And with rich ſtores of gather'd honey fill.
Hence the gay birds, that ſport in fluid air,
Soft neſts, to lodge their callow young, prepare;
Rear, with unwearied toil, the tender brood,
From harms protect, and furniſh 'em with food:
But man, whom thy peculiar grace deſign'd
The image of thine own eternal mind,
Man, thy chief favourite, thou didſt inſpire
With a bright ſpark of thy celeſtial fire.
Rich with a thinking ſoul, with piercing eye,
He views the ſpacious earth and diſtant ſky,

And ſees the various marks of ſkill divine,
That in each part of nature's ſyſtem ſhine.
Him, therefore, it becomes, in grateful lays,
To ſing his bounteous Maker's ſolemn praiſe.
Thus we make, no doubt, at Mount-Vernon,
The people worſhip God morning, night and noon;
So paſs their pleaſant hours and time away,
Until they meet their God in endleſs day!

*Poetic deſcription of a grand parade, at Baltimore,*

On the 7th of November, 1798:

Occaſioned by his excellency general Waſhington's paſſing through Baltimore,

In his way to the northward, on ſome public buſineſs.

SEE! all ye people, and confeſs
The Lord's appointed, and no leſs:
Great Waſhington we'll e'er revere,
Who ſav'd theſe ſtates from ev'ry ſnare.
O! how thy name is ſpread abroad,
By all people, with one accord.
May all poſterity think well,
And all thy glorious actions tell.
O! happy, happy thy birth day!
May all theſe ſtates forever ſay,
Heav'n rul'd great Waſhington below,
Which the United States do know.

Bleſs'd be thy name, as ſpread abroad
By people all, with one accord.
Like brighteſt ſtar thou'lt ever ſhine,
Acting forever what's ſublime.
Theſe ſtates will ever think of thee,
As, under God, thou mad'ſt them free.
Thy greatneſs, ſure, we'll keep in mind;
In hiſtory's page thy name will shine.
The wiſe, the juſt, undaunted, brave,
Will not be holden by the grave;
For God himſelf will keep the juſt,
And he will raiſe their ſleeping duſt:
Raiſe them to everlaſting life,
Where there's no ſorrow, pain, or ſtrife.

*Acroſtic on Mount-Vernon,*

The ſeat of his excellency George Washington,

Lieutenant-general and commander in chief of the land forces of the United States of North-America.

MOST pleaſing is this lovely place,
Of rural ſcenes moſt finely grac'd!
Unto our view it looks moſt grand;
Nothing more pleaſing than this land:
To view it I could hours ſtand.
Very great his excellency;
Extremely kind, civil, and free:
Round all the ſtates, in the late war,

None could exceed him from afar.
Of all the gen'rals we have heard,
None greater yet to us appear'd.

## ALEXANDRIA.

A Sranger here, I rang'd the ſtreets about,
To view inhabitants what they're about.
Some poor, ſome rich, they rove from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And, generally, in their dreſs, are neat.
Some ſtores and shops, make here a pompous shew,
Others are not ſo full, as you may know.
The people here to ſtrangers kind,
As, by their converſation, you may find.
Viſitors here are us'd politely well,
As ſome, by their experience, can tell.
The buildings here are generally neat;
The ſtreets well pav'd, which makes walking complete.
I've ſeen their houſes, where they preach and pray,
But th' congregation ſmall on ſtormy day.
For modes of faith, they need not here to fight,
As all may act as they think beſt or right.
At different worſhips ſtill are numbers there,
Who ſeek for heav'n by virtuous acts and pray'r.
I've ſeen their place of education too,
Where ways of virtue to their youth they shew,
And teach the young idea how to shoot,
Hoping hereafter they will bring good fruit.

Their foreign trade has here been ſore diſtreſs'd,
By inſidious foes, whom they once careſs'd:
Their ships were taken and their cargoes too;
Which teach that man to man is ſeldom true:
'Tis hop'd this growing country will be,
Of all that's noxious totally be free.

## GEORGE-TOWN.

A Pleasing rural proſpect riſes here,
To pleaſe th' enquiring mind as we draw near.
The building in George-Town is very neat;
But paving of the ſtreets not yet complete.
Some rural ſeats near to the town is fine,
Which pleaſe the fancy and amuſe the mind.
The college here magnificent and grand,
Conſpicuous to a traveller does ſtand:
Here youth are taught virtue and learning well,
On themes of erudition long to dwell;
And by precept and virtue led to heav'n,
By pious learned men now to them given;
That when grown up to man, they may revere
In college what they got with ſo much care;
And teach, with care, their offspring what's ſublime,
Which can't be loſt e'en by corroding time.
The folks in George-Town are to ſtrangers kind;
Of hoſpitable too, and gen'rous mind.

## CITY WASHINGTON.

THE Preſident's houſe, when view'd, will ſtrike the
Of ev'ry traveller that paſſes by. [eye
Magnificent, ſuperb, and grand its ſhew,
Which all muſt ſee that by this building go.
How great the temples were in foreign climes,
We will now copy in theſe latter times.
How ſtrange the viciſſitude of latter things?
Houſes built in woods, even fit for kings!
O Time! what wonders doſt thou to us bring?
Of its ſurpriſing change we'll ever ſing.
The temples of old, hauled down to duſt!
Tho' their once-founders ſeemed men ſo juſt!
I've view'd the grand, ſuperb and capitol;
Its magnificence I muſt e'er extol.
Superb, indeed, and, to a viewer, great;
The landſcape beauteous where its now ſo neat.
Waſhington City muſt, in time, be grand,
When Congreſs, ſitting here, ſtates' laws command.
Tis Time alone all greatneſs can effect,
And, ſure, all means the ſtates will not neglect.
Methinks I ſee, and wonder at the days,
When great Waſhington, to all the world, diſplays
A character ſo great and ſhining bright,
That, in it, future ages muſt delight.

City Waſhington muſt, in time, command
All that is magnificent, great, and grand.
'Tis now, indeed, but in its infant ſtate;
But will, hereafter, ſhine both grand and great:
Yea, like Jeruſalem, it yet will ſhine;
Becauſe ſo great's the plan and the deſign.
But let us not fix all our mind below,
Becauſe to future worlds we muſt go;
Leave all this earth and wing our way to heav'n,
To prepare for which this earth was given:
Ev'n Eden's garden could not long contain
Our parents firſt, without a blot or ſtain.
So let us oft' look at the heav'ns above,
Where dwells the fountain of eternal love:
Deſcend to City Waſhington again,
And, by its draft, ſee what it may remain.
What ſcenes on earth, what glories are in heav'n
To all that meditate wiſdom is giv'n:
Giv'n this knowledge, on this terreſtrial ball,
The ſtate of nations and their oft downfal.
When I am ſleeping in the ſolid grave,
Great will this city be men's lives to ſave.
Methinks I view ten thouſand people there,
Some in the ſtreets, and others in ſome ſquare,
Buſtling and driving in the noiſy world,
Some making great wealth, others downward hurl'd!

Great God! how various are the ſcenes of life!
Some up, ſome down, and lead a life of ſtrife;
Some ſcarce can get their daily bread to eat;
Others, in fortune's ways, are ſo complete!!
So goes the world away, and we, too, go
To realms of bliſs, or everlaſting woe:
See, then, on earth to mortals is not giv'n,
On this ſide death, the glorious ſeat of heav'n.
O! then, lift up thy heart to God, above,
For he's the fountain of all bliſs and love.

I compoſed the following lines the 1ſt of May, called

*St. Tammany's Day,*

When the militia made a grand military appearance at Baltimore.

ST. TAMMANY'S DAY uſhers in:
The firſt of May it does begin;
Brings to our minds the days of yore,
And minds us what we've been before.
See how our troops parade the town!
In companies they may be found,
Parading in warlike array,
To uſher in the blooming May.
Tho' in peace, we may have war;
As times alarming from afar.

Theſe ſtates, now grown in opulence,
Does well to think of a defence.
How pleaſant is the month of May,
When pretty birds now chant their lay!
The heav'ns, around us, now do ſhew
That Summer's near us, we muſt know.
How pleaſant in the grove to peep!
Awhile, in pleaſing bow'rs, to keep.
Dear Sylvia, now walk forth, to ſee
Nature all blooming, juſt like thee!
Sure Damon muſt be pleas'd to walk,
Converſe with Sylvia, in his talk.
Seeing all nature in its bloom,
Reminds us of our age at noon.
How tranſitory are our days!
Like flow'rs, in bloſſom, ſoon decays.
Indulgent heav'n! ſupport us, ſtill,
Through ev'ry change, to do his will;
At laſt, when nature muſt decay,
We'll fly to heav'ns moſt beauteous day.

*Ode to Liberty.*

HAIL, freedom! hail! our greateſt good!
By thee all greater comforts grow:
Dear purchaſe of our father's blood,
And ſolace, dear, of all our woe.

Long naturaliz'd to us alone;
Imported from no foreign lands;
From age to age tranſmitted,
And ſhalt not periſh in our hands.
Tho' rage, revenge, and wild deſpair,
Invet'rate ſpleen, impetuous zeal,
Should all unite, from us to tear
The bleſſing, they cannot prevail.
Of no court-tyrants we're afraid;
We'll ſpin our term of freedom out,
Secure of each true patriot's aid,
And put oppreſſors to the rout.
Protect, ye pow'rs! each patriot's way;
Their ev'nings crown with joy and reſt:
The longer from the ſkies they ſtay,
The longer theſe ſtates will be bleſs'd.

*Advice to every member of Congreſs.*

PURSUE ſuch meaſures, that the land may be,
At all times, ſure to find a friend in thee.
Refuſe, abhor to give thy vote for pelf:
Let not your country's weal be loſt in ſelf.
In every conſultation and debate,
Aim calmly, ſir, th' truth to inveſtigate;
Make juſt remarks, yet give another praiſe;
Except oblig'd, oppoſe not what he ſays:

Nor be as thoſe who never will agree,
Talking for praiſe, or elſe for victory.
Mark my advice, as an unerring chart—
Always purſue a true, an upright heart;
Never from God and goodneſs to depart.

J. S.

*On a rural life.*

FROM a town, full of pleaſures, devis'd
To deſtroy reputation and health,
I go to where virtue is priz'd,
Beyond the advantage of wealth.
Where truth is eſteem'd as moſt fair;
Œconomy never treated with ſcorn:
Where the lover doth never deſpair,
Or the maid, e'er forſaken, forlorn.
Each of theſe will my kindneſs requite,
With a ſympathy equal to mine;
The lark will me rouſe with the light,
And teach me a mattin divine.
In the lark I ſoon will diſcern
Content, in the lowlieſt lot;
From his ſong, never ending, may learn,
That happineſs dwells near my cot.

He never repines at the plumes
  Adorning the peacock's gay fan;
Nor, with diſcontent, e'er preſumes
  To envy his ſovereign—man.
That our higheſt opinion of worth,
  We ſhould ever by virtue adjuſt;
That heaping the riches of earth,
  Is merely the hoarding of duſt.
That vice, which to them is unknown,
  Is, to every bleſſing, a bane:
That th' folly which ruins the town,
  Muſt ever be baniſh'd the plain.

*On the diſſolution of the world.*

AH! then ſhall yonder glorious king of day
Ceaſe to roll on, in his diurnal way!
The ſilver moon, the queen of gloomy night,
No more, on us, ſhall caſt reflected light!
And thou, fair arch, our native ſeat below,
Shalt, on the waves of vaſt deſtruction, flow!
Yon golden ſtars from their vaſt orbs ſhall fall,
And univerſal ruin level all!
Yet, then, the ſoul, pleas'd with exiſtence ſure,
Shall face deſtruction and defy its pow'r.

*An evening hymn.*

INDULGENT God, whoſe bounteous care
O'er all thy works is ſhewn;
Oh! grateful let my praiſe and pray'r
Aſcend before thy throne.
What mercies has this day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt thou bleſs'd
My cup! with plenty overflow'd,
And with content my breaſt.
Safe, 'midſt a thouſand latent ſnares,
Thy careful hand haſt led;
And now, exempt from anxious cares,
I preſs the downy bed.
I fall, this night, into thy arms,
Which I have prov'd ſo kind;
O! keep my body from all harms,
And, from all ſin, my mind.

As many of the readers of this poem on Mount-Vernon, may not have the works of that eminent poet, Mr. James Thomſon, I think the following ſublime hymn muſt be pleaſing to every reader; the poetry blank, heroic verſe—and needs no apology, as its own merit will recommend it:

*A hymn of praiſe, or ſolemn addreſs, to the God of Seaſons.*

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth, in the pleaſing Spring,

Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide fluſh the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles,
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory, in the ſummer-months,
With light and heat refulgent; then thy ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year;
And oft thy voice, in dreadful thunder, ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whiſp'ring gales,
Thy bounty ſhines, in Autumn, unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd!
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding ſublime, thou bidſt the world adore,
And humble nature with thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt in theſe, appear! a ſimple train!
Yet ſo delightful, mix'd with ſuch kind art!
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd!
Shade unperceiv'd, ſo ſoft'ning into ſhade!
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill!
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres,
Works in the ſecret deep—ſhoots, ſteaming thence

The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day!
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And as, on earth, this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature attend! join ev'ry living ſoul
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and ardent raiſe
On general ſong; to him ye vocal gales
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes;
Oh! talk of him in ſolitary glooms;
Where o'er the rock, and ſcarcely waving pine,
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhakes th' aſtonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong! and ſay from whom rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune; ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale, and thou majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe! whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe—herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds, to Him; whoſe ſun exalts,

Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep,
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams.
Ye conſtellations! while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre:
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world:
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Beat out, afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks
Retain the ſound; the broad reſponſive lowe
Ye vallies raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unſuffering kingdom yet will come:
Ye woodlands all awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds, ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye Chief! for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ, join!
The long reſounding voice oft breaking clear,

At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe!
And, as each mingling flame encreaſes, each,
In one united ardor, riſe to heaven!
Or, if you rather chooſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane, in a ſacred grove,
There let the ſhepherds lute the virgin's lay;
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſon's as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer ray
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring autumn gleams,
Or winter, riſing in the blackening eaſt,
Be my tongue mute; my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, my heart forget to beat;
Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on the Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes, there muſt be joy:
When even, at laſt, the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing! I cannot go
Where univerſal love, not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons
From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good.

And better thence again, and better ſtill
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expreſſive Silence, muſe his praiſe.

*A ſhort, but comprehenſive prayer for the ſtates of America.*

O THOU great, omnipotent and eternal God, creator of heaven and earth, and thouſands of worlds that ſurround us, and thou great diſpoſer of all created bliſs, we praiſe and adore thee for all thy mercies. Be pleas'd to bleſs the Preſident of theſe United States, and all in authority or command—direct their counſels—protect us from foreign foes—grant us fruitful ſeaſons, and hearts of gratitude, with the gift of thy holy ſpirit, to guide and direct us—ſo ſhall we praiſe thy holy name forever and ever——AMEN.

To the foregoing poetic pieces I beg leave to ſubjoin a beautiful

*Paraphraſe on part of the Book of Job.*

The poetry is eſteemed good, the ſentiments edifying and pleaſing to every reader.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd, in regal ſtate;
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great!
Whoſe wordly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd!
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd:
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed, a dreadful train!
What now? but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting the reproachful tongue;

And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er,
So thick his pains, they wanted room for more!
A change ſo ſad, what mortal heart could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt!
His friends, around, the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their heart their mantles rent,
And ſeven long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent!
A debt of reverence to diſtreſs ſo great.
Then Job contain'd no more, but curſt his fate!
His day of birth, its inauſpicious light
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death! impatient for the grave!
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindle into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat!
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high, at length, their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:

A pauſe enſu'd: when, lo! heav'n interpos'd!
And, awfully, the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurpriſe,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw and trembled) from the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke:
Who gives his tongue a looſe, ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign!
Lifts up his thoughts againſt me, from the duſt,
And tells the world's creator what is juſt!
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didſt thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious earth?
Who, on the ſurface, didſt extend the line,
Its form determine and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner ſtone? What hand, declare
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it in air!
When the bright ſtars in concert ſung;
When heav'ns high arch with loud hoſannahs rung;
When shouting ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?
Earth's num'rous kingdoms, haſt thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſt its shadow into diſtant lands?
Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wide world in due ſubjection keep?

I broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow'd ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide;
I chain them with my word; the boiling ſea,
Work'd up in tempeſts, hears my great decree;
Thus far thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd,
And here, O! man, be thy proud billows ſtay'd.
Haſt thou explor'd the ſecrets of the deep,
Where, shut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep,
Where down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of water rolling o'er thy head,
Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at this tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal, thro' th' incumbent shade!
Deep are thoſe shades; but shades, ſtill deeper! hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the light? In what refulgent dome?
And where has Darkneſs made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom, thro' long ages brought,
Since nature was call'd forth? when thou waſt by,
And into being roſe, beneath thine eye!
Are miſts begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?

To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can boaſt?
Or whiten morning with the hoary froſt;
Whoſe pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone!
A ſudden deſert ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one-half of the creation waſte!
Thou know'ſt me not: thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from thee!!
Canſt thou, in whirlwinds, mount aloft? Canſt thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll?
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who, in rough deſerts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er shone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone:
To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high?
And shuts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains and her ruſſet plains;
But now, in life, a cheerful proſpect yields,
Of shining rivers and of verdant fields;

When groves and foreſts lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume.
Haſt thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of hail and ſnows my northern magazine?
Theſe, the dread treaſures, of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war;
When clouds rain death, and ſtorms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waſte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhake the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
Who, from the ſkies, can a whole deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes thro' nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And, in fierce lightning, wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound and in the flaſh expires.
Who drew the comet out, to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
Did thy reſentment hang him out, does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?
Who, on low earth, can moderate the rein
That guides the ſtars along th' ethereal plain!
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten and ſupply their force.
Canſt thou the ſkies' benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain;
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon and unbind the year?

Bid Mazzaroh his diſtant ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow;
Mine is the Night, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore!
Doſt thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the ſun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obſequious ray.
Haſt thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand, ſo far! diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the ſoul, with her rich powers, inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh encreaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night—
To theſe my various queſtions make reply:
Th' Almighty ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, Chaldean ſire, was thy ſurpriſe?
Thus thou, with trembling heart and downcaſt eyes—
" Once, and again, which I, in groans, deplore,
" My tongue has erred; but ſhall preſume no more:
" My voice is, in eternal ſilence, bound,
" And all my ſoul falls, proſtrate, to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice, from the black whirlwind, broke!

Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or, in the hollow of thy hand, contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance! bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and mayſt undaunted ſtand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What world haſt thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Call upon God, importunate, for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt.
Who, in the cruel oſtrich, has ſubdu'd
A parent's care and fond inquietude?

While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen, under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed;
What time she ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
She ſcorns the rider and purſuing ſteed.
How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate, the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;
The ſun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams and leaves ill days to men;
Tho' ſtrong the hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower ſky;
An eagle when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweari'd flight,

Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air and ſeat her on the clift?
Where, far above thy world, ſhe dwells alone,
And, proudly, makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;
Thence, wide o'er nature, takes her dread ſurvey,
And, with a glance, predeſtinates her prey?
She feaſts her young with blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the promis'd gore.
Know'ſt thou how many moons, by me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat and foreſt hind:
While pregnant, they a mother's load ſuſtain,
They bend in anguiſh and caſt forth their pain;
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed.
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide,
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade,
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
Lowe at the cub, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unknown ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go, truſt him void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores;
Didſt thou, from ſervice, the wild aſs diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,

Thro' the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As, in pure air, aloft, he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng,
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threat'ning driver and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike horſe! didſt thou inveſt,
With thunder, his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
The ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High rais'd, he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war!
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around!
And, in a ſtorm of fury, ſhakes the ground!
How does his firm, his riſing heart advance,
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword and ſhaken lance!
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death! and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic, in his lonely walks!

When round he glares, all living creatures fly!
He clears the desert with his rolling eye!
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou, for him, in forests bend thy bow,
And, to his gloomy den, the morsel throw?
Where, bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood;
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood!
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey!
By the pale moon, they take their distant round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground!
Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desart fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam! and, when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore!
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.
Mild is my behemoth, tho' large his frame,
Smooth in his temper, and repress his flame
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food.
Each sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng;
See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and shut against a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.

Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs!
His port majeſtic! and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt and the mountain law.
The mountain feeds him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire!
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch is made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat!
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again!
Go to the Nile; and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair Leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand;
Will he become thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or, with his ſport, amuſe thy leiſure-day,
And bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or, the debating merchants' share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?

Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far and live! tempt not his matchleſs might;
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight!
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who, then,
Shall turn on me among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are, on me, conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills;
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own,
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne,
And dar'ſt thou with the world's great father vie,
Thou who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my large leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength and ſpread his wond'rous ſize!
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold!
Deſtruction yawns: his ſpacious jaws unfold!
And, marshall'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crouding rows on rows;
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound!

His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace! and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy ſuperior pleaſe!
Strength, on his ample shoulder, ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid flesh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretches forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun, aloft, his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light!
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread;
The mighty fear! nor blush to own their dread!
Large is his front, and when his burnish'd eyes,
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe!
In vain may death, in various shapes, invade
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade:
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies!
Shut in himſelf, the war, without, he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears!
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His paſtimes, like a chauldron, boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps shine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His like, earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd!
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
Makes ev'ry ſwoln, diſdainful heart ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.
Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſs'd:
" Thou canſt accomplish all things, Lord of Might,
" And ev'ry thought is naked to thy ſight!
" But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye!
" Oft have I heard of thy Almighty pow'r,
" But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour!
" O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of Life I ſee!
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee.
" Nor shall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more!
" Man was not made to queſtion, but adore.

*In imitation of Pope's Univerſal Prayer.*

IN thee, my God and Lord, I truſt,
And humbly wait thy will;
O! teach me to be wiſe and juſt,
And keep me from all ill.
Save me from pride and ſelf-conceit,
From falſehood, fraud and guile,
From envy, malice and deceit,
From ſuperſtition vile.
Teach my ſoul the ſteady path
Of virtue to purſue;
To ſhun each crime which moves thy wrath,
Each mean and ſelfish view.
Let gentle pity fill my breaſt
With charity divine,
To aid the needy and diſtreſs'd,
And make their mis'ry mine!
Let pure devotion warm my heart
With gratitude and love;
For thou each bleſſing doſt impart,
And canſt each paſſion move.
To vanity, the vice of fools,
Should my weak heart incline,
To ſacred virtue's pureſt rules,
Oh! add thy grace divine.

Teach me thyſelf, O! God, to know;
Thy love and heav'nly ways!
For thou alone ſav'ſt from our foe,
And thou alone we'll praiſe.

*I compoſed the following elegiac verſes*
on receiving the account
*of the deceaſe of his excellency general Anthony Wayne,*
And ſacred to his memory—never before publiſhed.

HOW awfully ſevere, the thought of death,
To thoſe who now ſurvive the mournful urn!
Ten thouſand worlds cannot prolong the breath;
But, ſurely, Wayne, thy death we e'er will mourn.
O! thou, who o'er and o'er hath fac'd the foe,
And oft hath baffled all their ill deſign,
Thy mem'ry ſhall to ages laſt, we know!
For many thouſands at thy fate repine.
Born for the field, to ſhield thy country's cauſe!
Brave, in the day of trial, we all know;
Thy mem'ry muſt for ages have applauſe,
Where'r, great Wayne, thy noted name ſhall go.
Nor in oblivion ſhall he ne'er remain,
If hope, fair ſmiling cherub, whiſper right!
Accept, thou gentle ſhade, this votive ſtrain,
Which would redeem thee from ignoble night.

O! Death! how great is thy ſure vict'ry known!
The great, the wiſe, the prudent and the brave!
We all muſt face thee, and thy pow'r own;
But our ſure hope is fixt beyond the grave.
Dry up thy tears, ſurviving friends, and ſay,
Although this vale of tears will leave us nought,
We'll fix our hope, and love the heav'nly way,
Is all our pray'r, and total by us ſought!

I beg leave to inſert, in this ſmall publication, *A Discourse* I compoſed in Europe, a few years ago, but never before publiſhed, under a very ſevere affliction by malevolent, deſigning men, to turn me, in my old days, out of houſe, home and habitation, from a comfortable, public ſituation, to ſerve the intereſt of a perſon more nearly connected with them. I ſhewed the following diſcourſe to ſeveral pious and learned men, of different denominations, who were pleaſed to give their approbation of it. This, more than common affliction, led me, for conſolation, to the ſure word of divine Revelation, where Job tells us—Job 5, 6, and 7th, "Although affliction cometh not forth of the duſt, neither doth trouble ſpring out of the ground, yet man is born unto trouble as the ſparks fly upward." I ſhall ever remember the obſervation of a learned, worthy gentleman, who, when I was under affliction's rod, was telling him of the trouble I laboured under, told me to turn mine eyes to Lewis the ſixteenth, the late king of France—ſo that the greateſt of men on this earth, by the hiſtory of all nations, have been ſubject to the ſevereſt trials and afflictions: a good argument to compoſe the minds of thoſe in inferior ſituations of life, to bear, with patience, the afflictive rod.

## *The Diſcourſe, or Sermon.*

*Jeremiah* xvii. 17—"*Be not a terror unto me, thou art my hope in the day of evil.*"

OF all terrors, I believe it will readily be confeſſed, none can be ſo great as a conviction of ſin, without a ſure proſpect of pardoning-mercy in Chriſt, the Redeemer; a Solomon, himſelf, makes that obſervation—The ſpirit of a man will ſuſtain his infirmities, but a wounded ſpirit who can bear? Prov. xviii. 14. With what awful force does the text ſtrike at the guilty, ſelf-condemned, ſinner? "Be not a terror unto me"—alas! we never hear of this terror till we immediately hear of the guilt that accompanied it. When man had fallen, by the firſt great tranſgreſſion, we are told this fear took place in his heart, thus beautifully deſcribed by Moſes, Geneſis, 3. 8, 9, 10, "and they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hid themſelves from the preſence of the Lord God, amongſt the trees of the garden, and the Lord God called unto Adam, and ſaid unto him, Where art thou? And he ſaid, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, becauſe I was naked, and I hid myſelf." O! what a deplorable change is here! that Adam and Eve, a little before their ſin, were as the angels of God in heaven, pure, holy, juſt and upright, created by the immediate hand of the great God himſelf, yea, by the everlaſting Trinity. O! the amiableneſs of that Almighty Creator! out of whoſe hands nothing impure, or unclean, could come: Yet, when the monſter, Sin, had entered, how do they lament! "I was afraid, becauſe I was naked"—afraid! dreadful expreſſion! afraid of what? Surely not of their heavenly Creator, of the God of Love? No—it muſt be of the guilt in their own mind. "Conſcience," ſays a great writer, "makes us all cowards."

That man, or that woman, who is not afraid of offending the great God himſelf, muſt be paſt all rational feeling. I never knew, in all my life, ſo hardened a wretch, but, one time or other, hath been afraid of conſcious guilt; even Judas himſelf could not bear this terror, but went out and hanged himſelf.

But, in order to improve the text to perſonal advantage, and

to bring it home to each of our conſciences, I will, with the aſſiſtance of that God, who is the author of every good and perfect gift, divide this diſcourſe as follows, viz.

1ſt. Point out where this fear and terror may be neceſſary, as well under the Goſpel as under the Law.

2d. That, from the terror ſpoke of in the text, there may be hope in God, even in the worſt times, and upon the moſt trying occaſions, from which none are exempt; yea, from kings, upon earthly thrones, to the beggar, that lies on the dunghill: And

3dly. Make ſome practical improvement from the whole.

1ſt, Then—where this fear and terror may be neceſſary, under the Goſpel as well as the Law: Great, indeed, was the terror of delivering the Law, by God, to Moſes; yet, bleſſed be God, ſince the coming of the Meſſiah, Jeſus, the Saviour of the world, we are not, now, under the condemning power of the Law, but under grace. For the Law was given by Moſes, but grace and truth came by Jeſus Chriſt, 1ſt John, i. 17. But, though we are not under the condemning power of the Law, it is yet as a rule of life and manners, amongſt all nations, to the end of the world; but it is the terror attending the breach of this awful law of God, that I am chiefly to ſpeak to, under this head, or the conſciouſneſs of having done evil, ſo is man a terror to himſelf—as, ſurely, there can no terror be equal to that which a ſinner, or trangreſſor of the law of God, carries in his own breaſt. Foreign troubles may be got rid of, but a wounded ſpirit who can bear! As I am fond of the Scriptures themſelves, as, indeed, we all ſhould be, I ſhall follow the illuſtration they lay down, on this important head of terror, or fear, from a conſciouſneſs of having done evil. Next, to the dreadful example of our firſt parents, which I have already touched upon in the introduction. I may mention that well known and memorable one of Joſeph and his brethren, in Geneſis xlii. we are told, at the 17th verſe, that Joſeph had his brethren put into ward, or priſon, three days: we never ſo ſoon recollect our crimes as when ſome affliction befalleth us. In this, their terror or fear, they began to recollect what they had formerly done to their brother; and, 21ſt verſe, we hear the terror, or fear, of what they had done to their brother, in the following words: "And

they ſaid, one to another, we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in, that we ſaw the anguiſh of his ſoul when he beſought us, and we would not hear, therefore is this diſtreſs come upon us—and Reuben anſwered them, ſaying, Spake I not unto you, ſaying, Do not ſin againſt the child, and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, alſo his blood is required." When we are in diſtreſs, either of body or ſoul, it is then terror or fear, for our paſt offences, ſtare us in the face. It was for the terror of the ſtorm that came upon the veſſel in which Jona was, that the mariners cried out, Ariſe and call upon thy God, if ſo be, that God will think upon us, that we periſh not, Jon. i. 6. O! the inexpreſſible terror and anguiſh, which guilt brings upon the ſoul! thus expreſſed in the ſublime of the reverend Mr. James Harvey, "But, of all mortals," ſays he, "they are the moſt exquiſitely miſerable, who groan beneath the preſſure of a melancholy mind, or ſmart under the laſhes of a reſentful conſcience, though robed in ermine, or covered with jewels, the ſtate of a ſlave, chained to the gallies, or of an exile, condemned to the mines, is a perfect paradiſe compared with theirs." Again we have a ſtriking inſtance of Judas, Matt. xxvii. 3, 4, 5. "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he ſaw that he was condemned, repented himſelf, and brought again the thirty pieces of ſilver to the chief prieſts and elders, ſaying, I have ſinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood, and they ſaid, what is that to us, ſee thou to that, and he caſt down the pieces of ſilver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himſelf." Thus we ſee, in ſeveral inſtances, from the Scriptures themſelves, the awful terror attending ſin, or the ſevere pangs of a wounded ſpirit: God, in mercy, for the ſake of Jeſus, his ſon, the alone atonement for ſin, protect and keep us from a wounded ſpirit.

"My righteouſneſs I hold faſt, and will not let it go—my heart ſhall not reproach me ſo long as I live," Job xxvii. 6. I once heard a moſt excellent diſcourſe, or ſermon, on the laſt mentioned text, in the city of New-York, in America, and, indeed, it took great impreſſion on me, and the more ſo, as I was, at that time, under a particular temptation to ſin, I thought the reproaching of the heart, or conſcience, would far exceed the pleaſures of ſin, if they can bear that name, which muſt wound the ſpirit, and, in a word, bring miſery complete on the ſoul, without a moſt

ſincere repentance. Be not a terror unto me, compaſſionate Immanuel, thou alone, Saviour of a loſt world, ſave me from ſin, ſave me from the terror of an angry God, hide me under the ſhadow of thy wings, be the propitiation for my ſin, ſo ſhall not terror make me miſerable here, neither wretched to all eternity.—And, O! may the reſolution of patient Job be mine, Job xiii. 15. "Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him." To have the univerſe on my ſide, without my God, how wretched muſt I be, if he is a terror to me, where can be my comfort; but, if he is my conſolation and peace within, who then can make me afraid? I paſs on now, in the ſecond place, to ſpeak to the ſecond head propoſed, namely, that, from the terror ſpoke of in the text, there may be hope in God, even in the worſt times, and upon the moſt trying occaſions, which none are exempt from, even from the greateſt to the leaſt. Here is a large field, indeed, hope in God for, ſays our text, *thou art my hope in the day of evil.* The pious David ſpeaks of this from the beginning of his exiſtence, in pſalm xxii. 10. "I was caſt upon thee from the womb," ſays he, "thou art my God from my mother's belly." Hope, in God, ſignifies a firm, conſtant, and an univerſal dependance on him in the worſt of times, for there can none be ſo low, but God can raiſe him, nor any ſo high but God can bring him down: However, I apprehend this hope more particularly to be held by the afflicted; for, let their afflictions be of what nature ſoever it may, ſtill hope muſt be their greateſt comfort: Happy is he, ſaith holy David, that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whoſe hope is in the Lord, his God. It would require a volume, inſtead of a diſcourſe of this ſort, to recount the many thouſands of troubles and afflictions to which we, poor creatures of a day, are incident in the maze of life; but, in them all, hope, as a ſure anchor to the ſoul, is ſtill our ſupport, In the very chapter from whence the text is taken, at the 7th verſe, the prophet ſays, "Bleſſed is the man that truſteth in the Lord, and whoſe hope the Lord is." In all temptations we are to look to God alſo for deliverance and ſupport; for God is love, and will not finally leave nor forſake the tempted, whoſe hope is in him, but will, with the temptation, make the humble dependant a way to eſcape, when ſeemingly loſt and undone by ſin, or any particular temptation to it, ſtill hope in God is to employed. "Verily, thou art a God that hideſt

thyſelf, O! God of Iſrael," ſays the evangelic prophet Iſaiah, xlv. 15—though, in temptation or affliction God ſeems to hide his face, yet he is to be hoped in, becauſe he is the Saviour. He ſeemeth to hide his face like a perſon peeping behind the curtain to view our behaviour in trouble, yet remember, thou trembling and fearful Chriſtian, though he hides his face, yet he is the God of Iſrael, the Saviour——a ſaviour, a great and mighty ſaviour to thoſe who truly put their truſt in him. " Hide me under the ſhadow of thy wings," ſays the pſalmiſt, " from the wicked that oppreſs me, from my deadly enemies who compaſs me about," but more particularly, God is to be our hope, even in the greateſt afflictions are we compaſſed about with ſore ſickneſs, and loſs of health, one of the foreſt afflictions on earth, ſtill our hope muſt be in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlaſting ſalvation—" though he ſlay me," ſays Job, " yet will I truſt in him." How preſſing ſoever our wants may be, ſtill our God is able to relieve them, and ſhould even death and the grave appear before us, as, no doubt, ſooner or later, they will, even there we are to have hope in God, who has promiſed never to leave or forſake thoſe who put their truſt in him. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy ſtaff, they comfort me, pſalm xxiii. 4. Happy, ſupremely happy are thoſe who have God, that everlaſting fountain of all happineſs, that God of conſolation to comfort their ſouls, in their laſt moments. " Mark the perfect," ſays holy David, " and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," pſalm xxxvii. 37. I once attended the death-bed of a pious, religious Chriſtian, and, indeed, the moſt ſolemn ſight I ever beheld—all ſerene and compoſed, and, forgetting all her bodily pain, made uſe of that ſolemn text, Revel. xxii. 20. come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly, and in heavenly compoſure, fell aſleep: This was hope in God, ten thouſand worlds cannot give a dying ſoul comfort, but the bleſſed ſpirit of God, can whiſper conſolation not to be uttered, even at that awful period, when nothing can avail the ſoul but faith and hope, and the conſolation of the Bleſſed Spirit, who is, in Scripture, emphatically called the Comforter. The Scriptures, alone, are full of examples of thoſe who have died in the Lord, and reſigned their ſpirit into the hands of God, who gave it, full of that hope mentioned in our text, to mention them all would

be an hiſtory of great part of the Bible, I ſhall only mention a few of them, and, firſt, of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the head of the church, and the Saviour of the world, at his death, as recorded by St. Luke, chap. xxiii. 46, "And when Jeſus had cried, with a loud voice, he ſaid, father into thy hands I commend my ſpirit, and, having ſaid thus, he gave up the ghoſt." And this ſhould be an example to all his diſciples, to the end of time, that they might have hope in death, commending their ſpirit to the God who gave it. Jacob, when he was on his death-bed, called his ſons together, and particularly ſpoke of the coming of the Meſſiah, Geneſis xlix. 10, 18, and moſt affectionately commend God's goodneſs and kind providence towards him through his life, Geneſis xlviii. 15, 16, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day," &c. Joſeph, when dying, ſpoke lovingly to his brethren, who had dealt cruelly with him, and aſſured them of the Lord's faithfulneſs in keeping his promiſe to their fathers, Geneſis l. 20. "I die, and God will ſurely viſit you, and bring you out of this land," &c. Moſes, when he was going up to Mount-Nebo, to die there, left many bleſſings, and gave many weighty charges to the children of Iſrael—we have his holy and raviſhing words recorded, Deut. xxxii, xxxiii, chapters; and, particularly, how pleaſantly doth he commend God, and his ways, to the people, Deut. xxxii. 4, "he is the rock, his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity, juſt and right is he." But, as I ſaid before, I muſt repeat a large part of the Scriptures to ſhew how the pious, in all ages, have fulfilled our text, in making the God of heaven and earth their hope in the day of evil—thou art our hope, ſays our text, in the day of evil. We are to lean upon God, as it were, in every tribulation, that may befal us, in our pilgrimage heavenward, well knowing that the mercies of our God are many, for he is love itſelf; and no man ever applied to him in vain, his ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all his paths are peace. O! that we could be ſo wiſe as to lay it to heart, that, in the Lord Jehovah, is everlaſting ſtrength; that though he ſhould ſlay us, yet will we put our truſt in him, yea, to make him our hope all the day long. I, myſelf, have often been in great affliction and diſtreſs, inſomuch, that I could not ſee my way, how, or in what manner to act, ſo as to extricate myſelf from my difficulties, and, alas! have been too attentive to moral

dependence, when I ſhould have put my entire hope in God, who has promiſed "never to leave nor forſake thoſe who put their truſt in him"; but, alas! how hard is the heart, and how unmindful of the beſt of friends! that friend that ſticketh cloſer than a brother! ſo that we are always apt to look to natural, or ſecond cauſes, for our deliverance out of trouble, ſuch as a dependence upon ſuch a perſon, ſuch a friend, or ſuch a means—whereas, we ſhould flee to the fountain-head of deliverance, the Lord Jehovah himſelf, who is able and willing to aid and aſſiſt, to ſuccour and defend his own poor helpleſs creatures; therefore, let the prophet's advice be ever ready, "be thou, O! God, my hope in the day of evil." Paſs we on, 3dly and laſtly, to make ſome practical improvements from the whole. If we are real, and not merely nominal Chriſtians, if we have found the terror of that condemning law, by which no ſoul can be ſaved, and from ſuch terror, laid hold on that ſalvation propoſed in the goſpel of the bleſſed Jeſus, by a lively faith in his propitiation—I ſay by a lively, operative faith in that rock of ages, I mean by the imputed righteouſneſs of Jeſus, the Saviour of a loſt world, thus ſet forth in thoſe never-to-be-forgotten words of the evangelic prophet Iſaiah, xlv. 24, 25, "Surely ſhall one ſay, in the Lord have I righteouſneſs and ſtrength, even to him ſhall men come, and all that are incenſed againſt him ſhall be aſhamed. In the Lord, ſhall all the ſeed of Iſrael be juſtified, and ſhall glory." If I ſay we have found ſalvation, by this Jeſus, let us draw conſolation from ſo great a fountain, or, as in our text, look to him as our hope in the day of evil; but let us never, never found our hope in that Phariſaical divinity, ſo common amongſt us, of ſeeking for ſalvation or hope from the vile rags of our own righteouſneſs; as Luke, xviii. 11. "God, I thank thee I am not, as other men are, extortioners, unjuſt, adulterers, or even as this publican"; alas! did this recommend this Phariſee to his Lord's notice? Quite the reverſe; the poor publican, ſenſible of his own guilt, and poor and naked in his own ſight, found more and better acceptance, his "God be merciful to me, a ſinner," was a better recommendation, than Lord, or God I thank thee, &c. In a word, true penitence and humility is the beſt foundation for hope in the day of evil—better to ſay, in the Lord have I righteouſneſs and peace, than in, or from myſelf; for ſelf ſhould ever be abaſed, and the Saviour ex-

alted. What little hope of comfort can be derived from many of our modern ſermons, and new preachers, who harangue on morality and good works, though they themſelves are, many of them, very deficient in them, a poor ſhadow of hope in the day of evil. To make God our hope in the day of evil, we ought, by a lively faith, walk "circumſpectly, redeeming the time, becauſe the days are evil," Epheſians, v. 16; to live upon God, by a continual dependence on him, always looking unto Jeſus, as the alone author of every good that may be found in us, for it is he that worketh in us, both to will and to do of his own good pleaſure," and, therefore, we are to give the honour and glory to his great and holy name, and that in the moſt humble manner, becauſe he is the Lord our righteouſneſs, our peace and our great Salvation. Let him, therefore, that glorieth, glory in the Lord, and ever look to our God, for hope, in the day of evil. It is better to truſt in the Lord than to put any confidence in man, becauſe God is our only hope in the day of evil. O! then let us endeavour to put our humble truſt in him; at all times leaning on his ſure hope in the day of evil—for he will never leave nor forſake the penitent humble ſoul who truſteth in him; yea, when all human comfort and ſupport faileth, God alone can be our only ſure hope in the day of evil; yea, my ſoul, there is nothing, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable God—he is the only ſure hope in all times of affliction and diſtreſs. And who can paſs through this vale of tears and miſery, without meeting with days of evil? ſeeing man is born to trouble as the ſparks to fly upwards! yet, bleſſed is the man, O! Lord God of hoſts, who putteth his truſt in thee. It was the ſaying of a great man, cardinal Woolſey, a little before his death, "had I ſerved the God of heaven as faithfully as I did my maſter on earth, he would not have forſaken me in my old age." Let this dreadful obſervation ſink deep into our hearts, that we put no confidence in man, becauſe he is vanity itſelf; but let our whole dependence be in the Lord our righteouſneſs, becauſe, bleſſed be his holy name, he is our hope in the day of evil; one caſe bitter experience hath inſtructed me to mention here, and that is ſevere trials from inhuman enemies, whoſe malice breathe nothing but deſtruction, and the moſt dreadful inju-

ries, both to our peace and intereſt here. Indeed, the perſecuted is particularly to look to God; it is the day of evil, yet his Almighty Providence can deduce good out of this evil, by making even the moſt malevolent perſon a means of doing us good, as was the caſe of Joſeph with his brethren, they, his brothers, meant cruelty and deſtruction to him, but God all-powerful and merciful, over-ruled it for his good. He, the infinite and omnipotent God, was his hope in the day of evil; and, therefore, from his example, may every ſuffering perſon ſay, as with Micah, 7. 8. "Rejoice not againſt me, O! mine enemy, when I fall I ſhall ariſe again, when I ſit in darkneſs the Lord ſhall be a light unto me," pſalm xl. 13. "be pleaſed, O! Lord, to deliver me; O! Lord, make haſte to help me." Happy conſideration, that the wicked, yea, the devil, with his legions, cannot finally deſtroy, either the ſoul or body of thoſe who put their truſt in God, and humbly depend on the ſupport of his Almighty arm, becauſe he is our hope in the day of evil. O! thou, whoſe arm is Almighty, may my whole dependance be in thy Almighty power againſt mine enemies; O! let them not triumph over me, that would deſtroy me guiltleſs; but be thou my hope in the day of evil: The laſt day, is that great and ſolemn day, emphatically called in Scripture the great day, or day of judgment—thus ſaith the apoſtle Paul, Rom. xiv. 10. "for we ſhall all ſtand before the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt." How awful the idea, to ſtand amidſt myriads of ſouls to be doomed ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to everlaſting woe, who ſhould not, from ſo tremendous a perſuaſion, ſtrive to ſecure an intereſt in the judge of quick and dead, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

The ſublime manner in which Dr. Young mentions, or deſcribes, this day is very lively and awful:

"The day is broke, which never more ſhall ceaſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes:
Our God in grandeur and our world on fire,
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!

Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions and her final groan?
Great day of dread, deciſion and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp and drops the world."

O! for a happy deciſion at this ſolemn day—it is worth a life of piety, virtue and good works, yea, a life of faith unfeigned, and love to God and good men, to fit and prepare for ſo ſolemn a day—happy, indeed, for the Chriſtian, cloathed in his Saviour's righteouſneſs, who ſhall find himſelf at the judge's right hand and hear his ſentence—"Come, ye bleſſed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the fountain of the world." O! thou judge of the world, hide me in the ſhadow of thy wings; bury my ſins in thy grave, and be thou my hope in this thy ſolemn day of account, ſo ſhall I ever adore and praiſe thy holy name forever and ever. Bleſſed redeemer of a loſt world, be not a terror unto me in this great day, but be my hope, my friend—ſuccour and ſupport my ſoul from the terror of the wicked, and ever be my hope in the day of evil; which happy lot, I humbly entreat and expect alone, for the ſake of the Lord our righteouſneſs—to whom, with the Eternal Father and ever Bleſſed Spirit, be all honour, glory, power, might, majeſty and dominion, forever and ever——AMEN.

N. B. The reader may depend there is no plagiary in the foregoing diſcourſe, except from the Scriptures of truth.

The following poetic lines I compoſed

*On the return of the Epidemic Fever to Philadelphia, in* 1799.

AH! Philadelphia, I muſt mourn for thee;
Becauſe thy deſolation now I ſee!
Haraſs'd by ſickneſs, and death walking round,
We ſee our friends brought low unto the ground.

Spare, gracious God, O! ſpare, for mercy's ſake!
And do not thine own heritage forſake;
Tho' we have ſinn'd, O! ſpare thy chaſt'ning rod!
For, tho' we've ſinn'd, we have a pard'ning God.
Alas! how puzzled are our doctors here,
To find whence is the fever—far or near!
Some one thing ſays, ſome deviſe another,
But the great firſt cauſe, from us, they ſmother.
Some ſay, alone 'tis by infection;
But ev'n ſo 'tis by God's direction!
He that rais'd the dead and cur'd ev'ry ſore,
Is now in heav'n, and can our health reſtore.
Let's ceaſe from ſin, and not provoke our God;
He then will heal and take away his rod!
Make Philadelphia, once again, to ſhine,
So that we all may ſee his hand's divine.
'Tis from his hand we ſafety can obtain,
And in our health and happineſs remain!
'Tis in our God we walk and live,
And to his own will ev'ry bleſsing give.
Diſeaſes, when they come, and threaten death,
We'll look to heav'n with ſolemn praying breath!
And ſhould we, ev'n in death, our ſouls reſign,
We'll ever dwell with God, who's all divine.
Father of all, our eyes are unto thee!
O! give us of thy happineſs to ſee!
Whether in ſickneſs, or life, or death,
To thee, O! God, we'll e'er reſign our breath!

'Tis heav'n to be, where thou doſt ſhew thy face!
O! give us happineſs in ev'ry place;
So that diſeaſe and death, can't hurt our way,
For God will be our all in endleſs day.
It is the God of heaven we muſt implore,
For happineſs on earth and evermore;
Who can diſeaſe and death keep far away,
If we love God and never from him ſtray.
If thouſands fall at our left hand and right,
He's able ſtill to keep us up by his might;
No peſtilence can hurt where he doth ſave,
Nor fever ſnatch us to untimely grave.
O! let us, then, this God of health purſue,
In all we act, in all we ſay or do!
We'll then be happy here and evermore,
Praiſing our God, whom heav'n and earth adore.

An addreſs to the encouragers of the publication

OF MOUNT-VERNON, A POEM.

" To teach the young idea how to ſhoot
" In virtue's ways, and learning's our purſuit."

THE *author (and editor) of the preceding poem and pieces, would, in a little time, accept of a genteel tuition in a gentleman's family, or public ſchool, even in a country town, provided not more than 30 ſcholars are admitted.*

He teaches *the beauties of the Engliſh language, with the lateſt accent and pronunciation—writing a free, eaſy hand, ſuited to the counting-houſe—arithmetic, in the eaſieſt and ſhorteſt methods yet diſcovered—book-keeping, both by double and ſingle entry, applicable to the wholeſale and retail mer-*

*chant—trigonometry, in a new and eaſy method, founded on the 4th propoſition of the 6th book of Euclid—menſuration of ſuperficies and ſolids—navigation, as latterly improved, (the practice learned in the Engliſh navy)—a general knowledge of geography and celeſtial and terreſtrial globes. The author has many years reſided in America; has been maſter of ſome of the genteeleſt academies, or ſchools, both in America and Europe,—been tutor in one of the firſt families in New-York,—book-keeper in ſome of the moſt reputable counting-houſes in Philadelphia and New-York; and, ſeveral years, a wholeſale merchant in Philadelphia.*

*Should my friends and encouragers, from benevolent motives, know of a ſuitable place, for genteel encouragement, to ſuit my qualifications, I can produce unexceptionable certificates, both from Europe and America, and ſhall retain the moſt laſting and ſincere gratitude.——The printer can give my addreſs.*

*JOHN SEARSON.*

*Philadelphia, September, 1799.*

## VALEDICTORY.

FAREWELL, my dear friends, I thank your kind [aid :
Few are my foes from miſtakes that are made.
America's my friend, in it I go;
I love the people and the country too!
But I muſt bid adieu to all things here,
Becauſe I mayn't be here another year!
Other climes or worlds may take me away,
For here our ſhort ſtay is but like a day!
In heav'n we hope to meet if we love God;
Nor will we there once feel his chaſt'ning rod.
Poets, like graſs-hoppers, ſing till they die,
Yet, in this life, ſome laugh, ſome ſing, ſome cry.

BRITISH
14 FE 91
MUSEUM

# ELEGIAC VERSES,

ON THE DECEASE OF

## HIS LATE EXCELLENCY,

THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND EVER-MEMORABLE, GREAT AND GOOD

## *GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON,*

## OF IMMORTAL MEMORY.

I HAVE ſeen ſeveral elegiac compoſitions on the deceaſe of our late great general, and no doubt their compoſers deſerve much praiſe. He was my friend, and did me the honor of correſponding with me, as I can evince by ſhewing his condeſcending letters to any friend who would wiſh to ſee his own hand writing. I had the honor of dining with him at Mount Vernon, his country retreat from the walks of public life, on the 15th day of May laſt; my buſineſs being to obtain an adequate idea of that beautiful ſeat, ſo as to compoſe a poem on it; and as my poem was put to preſs before the deceaſe of this great character, I now do myſelf the pleaſure of inſerting the account and manner of his exit, and elegiac verſes, or they may be called a pſalm on the memory of General George Waſhington, which may be ſung to any tune of long meaſure;—the 100th Pſalm new, will anſwer it very well.

On Friday, the 13th December, the late general took a morning walk to view a plantation, which a little time before he had purchaſed as an addition to his former one, and which he had ſurveyed in the month of May, when I had the honor of dining with him: that day proved ſtormy, and falling weather; he got wet in returning home to Mount Vernon, and found himſelf indiſpoſed with a ſtoppage in his throat, or quinſey; on which occaſion he was bled by a neighbouring bleeder, and afterwards, becoming ſtill worſe, ſent for other aſſiſtance to Port Tobacco, when, notwithſtanding being again bled, he ſtill became worſe on Friday aforeſaid, on Friday night, and on Saturday; and on Saturday near day-break, the 14th December, he expired without a ſigh or groan; his great

ſoul bid adieu to its earthly tabernacle. Alas! how applicable are the words of our Lord and Almighty Redeemer, in St. Matthew xxiv and xliv. "*Therefore, be ye alſo ready; for in ſuch an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.*" May this admonition ſink deep into our hearts, ſo that when the final ſummons cometh, we all may be ready, and follow the great, and indeed good General Waſhington to the eternal abodes of bliſs.

*The following are the Elegiac Verſes or Pſalm.*

I.

Oh! is he gone, and left behind
Millions to mourn him in their mind;
With agonizing hearts they cry,
Alas! muſt our great gen'ral die!

II.

Phyſic, alas! could do no good,
No, no, nor all our earthly food;
O death, thou ſpareſt none that live,
But to thee all our lives muſt give.

III.

See angels guard this good man's bed,
Becauſe to heav'n he's ſurely fled:
To heav'n from earth, he took his flight,
Angels his guard and their delight.

IV.

View this great chief in public ſtate,
His actions there appear moſt great,
Becauſe God's preſence did him guard,
And ſav'd him from each tyrant's ſword.

V.

In all the walks of public life,
Sometimes in peace, ſometimes in ſtrife,
Great Waſhington diſpell'd all fear,
God's inſtrument of us took care.

VI.

Sing, heav'nly muſe, with me rejoice,
And utter this moſt glorious voice,
That heav'n is our place of reſt,
Where good men are forever bleſs'd.

VII.

Bleſs'd is the mem'ry of the juſt,
Although their bodies ſleep in duſt;
Another day they'll riſe again,
No more to die or ſuffer pain.

VIII.

I've view'd the capitol, and there
Great Waſhington will ſleep with care,
Till the archangel from on high
Calls the whole world at his loud cry.

IX.

O wond'rous day! when all the world
Muſt ſome to right or left be hurl'd:
Jeſus be then our guard that day,
Save the ſoul, and animate the clay.

X.

Methinks I view great Waſhington,
Riſe from the dead we look upon;
His virtuous deeds will then appear
To all the world convened there.

XI.

O God, prepare each heav'nly man,
That day to ſtand at thy right hand,
And hear the awful Judge declare,
"My elect muſt be with me near."

XII.

How happy is it for the man,
Who in God's righteouſneſs doth ſtand,

Having his God to guard him ſtill,
And he was bleſs'd to do his will.

XIII.

How glorious is the virtuous man,
Who ever does what good he can;
Death cannot take him from his God,
But heav'n he'll have, and not a rod.

XIV.

O bleſſed Jeſus, from on high
Hear a ſupplicant's humble cry;
Take to thy bleſſed ſeat in heav'n
All the elect to thee that's given.

XV.

Father of all who rules on high,
O teach us how like ſaints to die,
Then take us to heaven's ſweet abode,
That we may praiſe our pard'ning God.

XVI.

Glory, and honor, to our king,
That brings us from all earthly ſting;
Glory and honor now be given,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

XVII.

And when our time is here no more,
We'll dwell with God for evermore,
Sing hallelujahs to our king,
Where death can no more bring his ſting.

XVIII.

Glory and praiſe to God on high,
And to the Son, to God moſt nigh;
Bleſs'd ſpirit too we e'er revere,
Who watches over us with care.

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